BRITTAIN'S IDA.

Written by that Renowned Poët,
EDMOND SPENCER.

LONDON:
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TO THE RIGHT Noble Lady. *MARY*, Daughter to the moſt Illuſtrious Prince GEORGE, Duke of *Buckingham*.

MOST NOBLE LADY: I haue preſumed to preſent this little Poëm to your Honourable hand, encouraged onely by the worth of the Famous Author (for I am certainely aſſured by the ableſt., and moſt knowing men, that it muſt be a Worke of *Spencers*, of whom it were pitty that any thing

The Epiſtle.

ſhould bee loſt) and doubting not but your Lady-ſhip will graciouſly accept, though from a meane hand, this humble preſent, ſince the man that offers it, is a true Honourer and Obſeruer of your Selfe, and your Princely Family, and ſhall euer remaine

The humbleſt of your deuoted Seruants.

Thomas Walkley.

Martial.

Accipe facundi culicem ſtudioſe Maronis,
Ne nugis poſitis, arma virumque Canas

HEre that ſtately Muſe, that erſt could raiſe,
In laſting numbers great Elizaes praiſe,
And dreſſe faire Vertue in ſo rich attire,
That euen her Foes were forced to admire,

And

And court her Heauenly beauty, ſhee that taught
The Graces grace, and made the Vertues thought
More vertuous then before, is pleaſed here,
To ſlacke her ſerious flight, and feed your eare
With loues delightſome toyes; doe not refuſe
Theſe harmleſſe ſports, 'tis learned Spencer's Muſe;
But thinke his looſeſt Poëms *worthier then*
The ſerious follies of vnskillfull men.

BRITTAIN'S

Brittain's Ida.

The Argument. Cant. 1.

The youthly Shepheards wonning here,
And Beauties rare diſplayd appeare:
What exerciſe hee chiefe affects,
His Name, and ſcorneſull loue neglects.

1

IN *Ida* Vale (who knowes not *Ida* Vale?)
When harmeleſſe *Troy* yet felt not *Græcian* ſpite:
A hundred Shepheards woon'd, and in the Dale,
While their faire Flockes the three leau'd Paſtures bite:
The Shepheards boyes, with hundred ſportings light,
Gaue winges vnto the times to ſpeedy haſt:
Ah fooliſh Lads, that ſtroue with lauiſh waſt,
So faſt to ſpend the time, that ſpends your time as faſt.

2

Among the reſt that all the reſt excel'd,
A dainty Boy there wonn'd, whoſe harmeleſſe yeares,
Now in their freſheſt budding gently ſweld;
His Nimph-like face ne're felt the nimble ſheeres,
Youth's downy bloſſome through his cheeke appeares:
His louely limbes (but loue he quite diſcarded)
Were made for play (but he no play regarded,)
And fit loue to reward, and with loue be rewarded.

3

High was his fore-head, arch't with ſiluer mould,
(Where neuer anger churliſh rinkle dighted)
His auburne lockes hung like darke threds of gold,
That wanton aires (with their faire length incited)
To play among their wanton curles delighted.
His ſmiling eyes with ſimple truth were ſtor'd:
Ah! how ſhould truth in theſe thiefe eyes be ſtor'd,
Which thouſand loues had ſtol'n, and neuer one reſtor'd.

His

4

His lilly-cheeke might ſeeme an Iuory plaine,
More purely white than frozen *Apenine*:
Where louely baſhfulneſſe did ſweetely raine,
In bluſhing ſcarlet cloth'd, and purple fine.
A hundred hearts had this delightfull ſhrine,
(Still cold it ſelfe) inflam'd with hot deſire,
That well the face might ſeeme, in diuers tire,
To be a burning ſnow, or elſe a freezing fire.

5

His cheerefull lookes, and merry face would proone,
(If eyes the index be where thoughts are read)
A dainty play-fellow for naked loue;
Of all the other parts enough is ſed,
That they were fit twins for ſo fayre a head:
Thouſand boyes for him, thouſand maidens dy'de,
Dye they that liſt, for ſuch his rigorous pride,
He thouſand boyes (ah foole) and thouſand maids deni'd.

6

His ioy was not in muſiques ſweete delight,
(Though well his hand had learnt that cunning arte)
Or dainty ſongs to daintier eares indite;
But through the plaine to chace the nimble Hart,
With well-run'd hounds; or with his certaine dart,
The tusked Boare, or ſauage Beare to wound;
Meane time his heart with monſters doth abound,
Ah foole to ſeeke ſo farre what neerer might be found!

7

His name (well knowne vnto thoſe Woody ſhades,
Where vnrewarded louers oft complaine them)
Anchiſes was; *Anchiſes* oft the glades,
And mountaines heard *Anchiſes* had diſdain'd them;
Not all their loue one gentle looke had gain'd them,
That rockey hills, with echoing noyſe conſenting,
Anchiſes plain'd; but he no whit relenting,
(Harder then rocky hils) laught at their vaine lamenting.

THE

The Argument. Cant. 2.

Diones *Garden of delight,*
With wonder holds Anchiſes *ſight;*
While from the Bower ſuch Muſique ſounds,
As all his ſenſes neere confounds.

I

ONe day it chanc't as hee the Deere perſude,
Tyred with ſport, and faint with weary play,
Faire *Venus* grone not farre away he view'd,
Whoſe trembling leaues inuite him there to ſtay.
And in their ſhades his ſweating limbes diſplay:
There in the cooling glade he ſoftly paces,
And much delighted with their euen ſpaces, (braces:
What in himſelfe he ſcorn'd, hee praiſ'd their kinde im-

2

The Woode with *paphian* mirtles peopled,
(Whoſe ſpringing youth felt neuer Winters ſpiting)
To laurels ſweete were ſweetely married,
Doubling their pleaſing ſmels in their vniting,
When ſingle much, much more when mixt delighting:
No foote of beaſt durſt touch this hallowed place,
And many a boy that long'd the woods to trace,
Entred with feare, but ſoone turn'd back his frighted face.

3

The thicke-lockt bowes ſhut out the tell-tale Sunne,
(For *Venus* hated his all blabbing light,
Since her knowne fault which oft ſhe wiſht vndone)
And ſcattered rayes did make a doubtfull fight,
Like to the firſt of day, or laſt of night:
The fitteſt light for Louers gentle play;
Such light beſt ſhewes the wandring louers way,
And guides his erring hand: Night is loues holly-day.

So

4

So farre in this ſweete Labyrinth he ſtray'd,
That now he viewes the Garden of delight;
Whoſe breaſt, with thouſand painted flowers array'd,
With diuers ioy captiu'd his wandring ſight;
But ſoone the eyes rendred the eares their right:
For ſuch ſtrange harmony he ſeem'd to heare,
That all his ſenſes flockt into his eare,
And euery faculty wiſht to be ſeated there.

5

From a cloſe Bower this dainty Muſique flow'd,
A Bower appareld round with diuers Roſes
Both red and white; which by their liueries ſhow'd
Their Miſtris faire, that there her ſelfe repoſes:
Seem'd that would ſtriue with thoſe rare Muſique clozes,
By ſpreading their faire bolomes to the light,
Which the diſtracted ſenſe ſhould moſt delight;
That, raps the melted eare; this, both the ſmel & ſight.

6

The Boy 'twixt fearefull hope, and wiſhing feare,
Crept all along (for much he long'd to ſee
The Bower, much more the gueſt ſo lodged there)
And as he goes, he markes how well agree
Nature and arte in diſcord vnity:
Each ſtriuing who ſhould beſt performe his part,
Yet arte now helping nature; nature arte:
While from his eares a voyce thus ſtole his heart.

7

Fond men, whoſe wretched care the life ſoone ending,
By ſtriuing to increaſe your ioy, do ſpend it;
And ſpending ioy, yet find no ioy in ſpending:
You hurt your life by ſtriuing to amend it,
And ſeeking to prolong it, ſooneſt end it:
Than while fit time affords thee time and leaſure,
Enioy while yet thou mayſt thy lifes ſweet pleaſure:
Too fooliſh is the man that ſtarues to feed his treaſure:

Loue

8

Loue is lifes end (an end but neuer ending)
All ioyes, all ſweetes, all happineſſe awarding:
Loue is life wealth (nere ſpent, but euer ſpending)
More rich, by giuing, taking by diſcarding:
Loue's lifes reward, rewarded in rewarding,
Then from thy wretched heart fond care remooue;
Ah ſhould thou liue but once loues ſweetes to prooue,
Thou wilt not loue to liue, vnleſſe thou liue to loue.

9

To this ſweete voyce, a dainty muſique fitted
It's well-tun'd ſtrings; and to her notes conſorted:
And while with skilfull voyce the ſong ſhe dittied,
The blabbing Echo had her words retorted;
That now the Boy, beyond his ſoule tranſported,
Through all his limbes feeles run a pleaſant ſhaking,
And twixt a hope & feare ſuſpects miſtaking, (waking:
And doubts he ſleeping dreames, & broad awake feares

The Argument. Cant. 3.

Faire Cythareas *limbes beheld,*
The ſtraying Lads heart ſo inthral'd:
That in a Trance his melted ſpright,
Leaues th'ſences ſlumbring in delight.

I

NOw to the Bower hee ſent his theeuiſh eyes,
To ſteale a happy ſight; there doe they finde
Faire *Venus*, that within halfe naked lyes;
And ſtraight amaz'd (ſo glorious beauty ſhin'd)
Would not returne the meſſage to the minde:
But full of feare, and ſuperſtitious awe,
Could not retire, or backe their beames with-draw,
So fixt on, too much ſeeing made they nothing ſaw.

Her

2

Her goodly length, ſtretch't on a Lilly-bed;
(A bright foyle of a beauty farre more bright,)
Few Roſes round about were ſcattered,
As if the Lillies learn't to bluſh for ſpite,
To ſee a skinne much more then Lilly-white:
The bed ſanke with delight ſo to be preſſed,
And knew not which to thinke a chance more bleſſed,
Both bleſſed ſo to kiſſe, and ſo agayne be kiſſed.

3

Her ſpacious fore-head like the cleareſt Moone,
Whoſe full-growne Orbe begins now to be ſpent,
Largely diſplay'd in natiue ſiluer ſhone,
Giuing wide roome to beauties Regiment,
Which on the plaine with loue tryumphing went:
Her golden haire a rope of pearle imbraced,
Which with their dainty threds oft times enlaced,
Made the eie think the pearle was there in gold inchaſed.

Her

4

Her full large eye, in ietty-blacke array'd,
Prou'd beauty not confin'd to red and white,
But oft her ſelfe in blacke more rich diſplay'd;
Both contraries did yet themſelues vnite,
To make one beauty in different delight:
A thouſand loues ſate playing in each eye,
And ſmiling mirth kiſſing faire courteſie,
By ſweete perſwaſion wan a bloodleſſe victory.

5

The whiteſt white ſet by her ſiluer cheeke,
Grew pale and wan like vnto heauy lead:
The freſheſt Purple freſher dyes muſt ſeeke,
That dares compare with them his fainting red:
On theſe *Cupio* winged armies led,
Of little loues, that with bold wanton traine
Vnder thoſe colours, marching on the plaine,
Force euery heart, and to low vaſſelage conſtraine.

Her

6

Her lips, moſt happy each in others kiſſes,
From their ſo wiſht imbracements ſeldome parted,
Yet ſeem'd to bluſh at ſuch their wanton bliſſes;
But when ſweete words their ioyning ſweet diſparted,
To th'eare a dainty muſique they imparted:
Vpon them fitly ſate delightfull ſmiling,
A thouſand ſoules with pleaſing ſtealth beguiling:
Ah that ſuch ſhew's of ioyes ſhould be all ioyes exiling?

7

The breath came ſlowly thence, vnwilling leauing
So ſweet a lodge, but when ſhe once intended,
To feaſt the aire with words, the heart deceiuing,
More faſt it thronged ſo to be expended;
And at each word a hundred loues attended,
Playing ith'breath, more ſweete then is that firing,
Where that *Arabian* onely bird expiring, (ſpiring.
Liues by her death, by loſſe of breath more freſh re-

Her

8

Her chin, like to a ſtone in gold inchaſed,
Seem'd a taire ie well wrought with cunning hand,
And being double, doubly the face graced.
This goodly frame on her round necke did ſtand,
Such p.ll.r, well ſuch curious worke ſuſtain'd;
And on his top the heauenly ſpheare vp-rearing,
Might well preſent, with daintier appearing,
A leſſe but better *Atlas*, that faire heauen bearing.

9

Lower two breaſts ſtand all their beauties bearing,
Two breaſts as ſmooth and ſoft; but ah alas!
Their ſmootheſt ſoftnes farre exceedes comparing:
More ſmooth and ſoft; but naught that euer was,
Where they are firſt deſerues the ſecond place:
Yet each as ſoft and each as ſmooth as other;
And whē thou firſt tri'ſt one & thē the other, (ſmoother.
Each ſotter ſeemes then each, & each then each ſeemes

Lowly

10

Lowly betweene their dainty hemiſpheres,
(Their hemiſpheres the heau'nly Globes excelling,)
A path, more white then is the name it beares,
The lacteal path, conducts to the ſweet dwelling,
Where beſt delight all ioyes ſits freely dealing;
Where hundred ſweetes, and ſtill freſh ioyes attending;
Receiue in giuing, and ſtill loue diſpending,
Grow richer by their loſſe, and wealthy by expending.

11

But ſtay bold ſhepheard, here thy footing ſtay,
Nor truſt too much vnto thy new-borne quill,
As farther to thoſe dainty limbes to ſtray;
Or hope to paint that vale, or beautious hill,
Which paſt the fineſt hand and choyceſt skill:
But were thy Verſe and Song as finely fram'd,
As are thoſe parts, yet ſhould it ſoone be blam'd,
For now the ſhameles world of beſt things is aſham'd.

That

12

That cunning *Artiſt*, that old *Greece* admir'd,
Thus farre his *Venus* fitly portrayed;
But there he left, nor farther ere aſſai'd:
His Dædale hand, that Nature perfected
By arte, felt arte by nature limitted.
Ah! well he knew, though his fit hand could giue
Breath to dead colours, teaching marble liue,
Yet would theſe liuely parts his hand of skill depriue.

13

Such when this gentle boy her cloſly view'd,
Onely with thinneſt ſilken vaile o'er-layd,
Whoſe ſnowy colour much more ſnowy ſhew'd,
By being next that skin; and all betray'd,
Which beſt in naked beauties are aray'd:
His ſpirits melted with ſo glorious ſight,
Ran from their worke to ſee ſo ſplendent light,
And left the fainting limbes ſweet ſlumbring in delight.

THE

The Argument. Cant. 4.

The ſwonding Swaine recouered is
By th' Goddeſſe; his ſoule rapting bliſſe:
There mutuall conference, and how
Her ſeruice ſhe doth him allow.

I

SOft-ſleeping *Venus* waked with the fall,
Looking behind, the ſinking Boy eſpies,
With all ſhe ſtarts, and wondereth withall,
She thinkes that there her faire *Adonis* dyes,
And more ſhe thinkes the more the Boy ſhe eyes:
So ſtepping neerer, vp begins to reare him;
And now with loue himſelfe ſhe will confer him,
And now, before her loue himſelfe ſhe will preferre him:

2

The Lad ſoone with that dainty touch reuiu'd,
Feeling himſelfe ſo well, ſo ſweetly ſeated,
Begins to doubt whether he yet here liu'd,
Or elſe his flitting ſoule to heau'n tranſlated,
Was there in ſtarry throne, and bliſſe inſtated:
Oft would he dye, ſo to be often ſaued;
And now with happy wiſh he cloſly craued,
For euer to be dead, to be ſo ſweet ingraued.

3

The *Paphian* Princeſſe (in whoſe louely breaſt,
Spitefull diſdaine could neuer find a place)
When now ſhe ſaw him from his fit releaſt,
(To *Iuno* leauing wrath, and ſcolding baſe)
Comforts the trembling Boy with ſmiling grace,
But oh! thoſe ſmiles (too full of ſweete delight)
Surfeit his heart, full of the former ſight;
So ſeeking to reuiue, more wounds his feeble ſprite.

Tell

4

Tell me faire Boy (ſayd ſhe) what erring chance,
Hither directed thy vnwary pace:
For ſure contempt, or pride durſt not aduance
Their foule aſpect, in thy ſo pleaſant face:
Tell me, what brought thee to this hidden place?
Or lacke of loue, or mutuall anſwering fire,
Or hindred by ill chance in thy deſire:
Tell me, what iſt thy faire and wiſhing eyes require?

5

The Boy (whoſe ſence was neuer yet acquainted
With) ſuch a muſique) ſtood with eares erected;
And ſweetly with that pleaſant ſpell enchanted,
More of thoſe ſugred ſtraines long time expected,
Till ſeeing ſhe his ſpeeches not reiected,
Firſt ſighes ariſing from his hearts low center,
Thus gan reply; when each word bold would venter,
And ſtriue the firſt, that dainty labyrinth to enter,

6

Faire *Cyprian* Queene (for well that heauenly face)
Prooues thee the mother of all conquering loue)
Pardon I pray thee my vnweeting pace,
For no presumptuous thoughts did hither mooue
My daring feete, to this thy holy Groue;
But luckleſſe chance (which if you not gaine-say,
I ſtill muſt rue) hath cauſ'd me here to ſtray,
And loſe my ſelfe (alas) in loſing of my way.

7

Nor did I come to right my wronged fire,
Neuer till now I ſaw what ought be loued,
And now I ſee, but neuer dare aſpire
To mooue my hope, where yet my loue is mooued;
Whence though I would, I would it not remooued:
Onely ſince I haue plac't my loue ſo high,
Which ſure thou muſt, or ſure thou wilt deny,
Grant me yet ſtill to loue, though in my loue to dye.

But

8

But ſhee that in his eyes Loues face had ſeene,
And flaming heart, did not ſuch ſuite diſdaine,
(For cruelty fits not ſweete beauties Queene)
But gently could his paſſion entertaine,
Though ſhe loues Princeſſe, he a lowly Swaine:
First of his bold intruſion ſhe acquites him;
Then to her ſeruice (happy Boy) admits him;
And like another loue, with Bow and quiuer fits him.

9

And now withall the loues he grew acquainted,
And *Cupids* ſelfe, with his like face delighted,
Taught him a hundred wayes with which he daunted
The prouder hearts, and wronged louers righted,
Forcing to loue, that moſt his loue deſpited.
And now the practique Boy did ſo approoue him,
And with ſuch grace and cunning arte did mooue him,
That all the pritty loues, and all the Graces loue him.

The Argument. Cant. 5.

The Louers ſad deſpairing plaints,
Bright Venus *with his loue acquaints;*
Sweetly importun'd he doth ſhew,
From whom proceedeth this his woe.

I

YEt neuer durſt his faint and coward heart,
(Ah foole! faint heart faire Lady ne're could win)
Aſſaile faire *Venus* with his new-learnt arte,
But kept hi loue, and burning flame within,
Which more flam'd out, the more he preſt it in:
And thinkidg oft, how muſt ſhee might diſdaine him;
While ſome coole mirtle ſhade did entertaine him,
Thus ſighing would he ſit, & ſadly would he plain him.

Ah

2

Ah fond, and hapleſſe Boy! nor know I whether,
More fond, or hapleſſe more, that all ſo high
Haſt plac't thy heart, where loue and fate together,
May neuer hope to end thy miſery,
Nor yet thy ſelfe dare wiſh a remedy.
All hindrances (alas) conſpire to let it;
Ah fond, and hapleſſe Boy! if canſt not get it,
In thinking to forget, at length learne to forget it.

3

Ah farre too fond, but much more hapleſſe Swaine!
Seeing thy loue can be forgotten neuer.
Serue and obſerue thy loue with willing paine;
And though in vaine thy loue thou doe perſeuer,
Yet all in vaine doe thou adore her euer.
No hope can crowne thy thoughts ſo farre aſpiring,
Nor dares thy ſelfe deſire thine owne deſiring,
Yet liue thou in her loue, and dye in her admiring:

4

Thus oft the hopeleſſe Boy complayning lyes;
But ſhe that well could gueſſe his ſad lamenting,
(Who can conceale loue from loues mothers eyes?)
Did not diſdaine to giue his loue contenting:
Cruell the ſoule, that feedes on ſoules tormenting:
Nor did ſhe ſcorne him though not nobly borne,
(Loue is nobility) nor could ſhe ſcorne,
That with ſo noble skill her title did adorne.

5

One day it chanc't, thrice happy day and chance!
While loues were with the Graces ſweetly ſporting,
And to freſh muſique ſounding play and dance;
And *Cupids* ſelfe with Shepheards boyes conſorting,
Laught at their pritty ſport, and ſimple courting:
Faire *Venus* ſeates the fearefull Boy cloſe by her,
Where neuer *Phœbus* Iealous lookes might eye her,
And bids the Boy his Miſtris, and her name deſcry her.

Long

6

Long time the youth bound vp in ſilence ſtood,
While hope and feare with hundred thoughts begun,
Fit Prologue to his ſpeech; and fearefull blood
From heart and face, with theſe poſt-tydings runne,
That eyther now he's made, or now vndone:
At length his trembling words, with feare made weake,
Began his too long ſilence thus to breake,
While from his humble eies firſt reuerence ſeem'd to ſpeake.

7

Faire Queene of Loue, my life thou maiſt command,
Too ſlender price for all thy former grace,
Which I receiue at thy ſo bounteous hand;
But neuer dare I ſpeake her name and face;
My life is much leſſe-priz'd than her diſgrace:
And, for I know if I her name relate,
I purchaſe anger, I muſt hide her ſtate,
Vnleſſe thou ſweare by ſtix I purchaſe not her hate.

Faire

8

Faire *Venus* well perceiu'd his ſubtile ſhift,
And ſwearing gentle patience, gently ſmil'd:
While thus the Boy perſu'd his former drift:
No tongue was euer yet ſo ſweetely skil'd,
Nor greateſt Orator ſo highly ſtil'd;
Though helpt withall the choiſeſt artes direction,
But when he durſt deſcribe her heau'ns perfection,
By his imperfect praiſe, diſpraiſ'd his imperfection.

9

Her forme is as her ſelfe, perfect Cæleſtriall,
No mortall ſpot her heauenly frame diſgraces:
Beyond compare; ſuch nothing is terreſtriall;
More ſweete then thought or pow'rfull wiſh embraces,
The map of heauen; the ſumme of all the Graces.
But if you wiſh more truely limb'd to eye her,
Than fainting ſpeech, or words can well deſcry her,
Look in a glaſſe, & there more perfect you may ſpy her.

THE

The Argument. Cant. 6.

The Boyes ſhort wiſh, her larger grant,
That doth his ſoule with bliſſe enchant:
Whereof impatient vttering all,
Inraged Loue *contriues his thrall.*

I

THy crafty arte (reply'd the ſmiling Queene)
Hath well my chiding, and not rage preuented,
Yet might'ſt thou thinke, that yet 'twas neuer ſeene,
That angry rage, and gentle loue conſented:
But if to me thy true loue is preſented,
What wages for thy ſeruice muſt I owe thee?
For by the ſelfe ſame vow, I here auow thee,
What euer thou require, I frankly will allow thee.

Pardon

2

Pardon (replies the Boy) for ſo affecting,
Beyond mortallity; and not diſcarding,
Thy ſeruice was much more than my expecting;
But if thou (more thy bounty-hood regarding)
Wilt needes heape vp reward vpon rewarding;
Thy loue I dare not aske, or mutuall fixing,
One kiſſe is all my loue, and prides aſpiring,
And after ſtarue my heart, for my too much deſiring.

3

Fond Boy! (ſayd ſhe) too fond that askt no more;
Thy want by taking is no whit decreaſed,
And giuing, ſpends not our increaſing ſtore:
Thus with a kiſſe, his lips ſhe ſweetly preſſed;
Moſt bleſſed kiſſe; but hope more than moſt bleſſed,
The Boy did thinke heauen fell while thus he ioy'd;
And while ioy he ſo greedily enioy'd,
He felt not halfe his ioy by being ouer-ioy'd.

Why

4

Why ſighſt faire Boy? (ſayd ſhe) doſt thou repent thee
Thy narrow wiſh in ſuch ſtraight bonds to ſtay?
Well may I ſigh (ſayd he) and well lament me,
That neuer ſuch a debt may hope to pay:
A kiſſe (ſayd ſhe) a kiſſe will backe repay:
Wilt thou (reply'd the Boy too much delighted)
Content thee, with ſuch pay to be requited?
She grants; & he his lips, heart, ſoule, to payment cited.

5

Looke as a Ward, long from his Lands detain'd,
And ſubiect to his Guardians cruel lore,
Now ſpends the more, the more he was reſtrain'd,
So he; yet though in laying out his ſtore,
He doubly takes; yet findes himſelfe grow poore:
With that, he markes, and tels her out a ſcore,
And doubles them, and trebles all before: (more.
Fond Boy! the more thou paiſt, thy debt ſtill grows the

At

6

At length, whether theſe fauours ſo had fir'd him,
With kindly heare, inflaming his deſiring;
Or whether thoſe ſweete kiſſes had inſpir'd him;
Hee thinkes that ſome thing wants for his requiring;
And ſtill aſpires, yet knows not his aſpiring:
But yet though that hee knoweth, ſo ſhe gaue,
That he preſents himſelfe her bounden ſlaue;
Stil his more wiſhing face ſeem'd ſome what elſe to craue.

7

And boldned with ſucceſſe and many graces,
His hand, chain'd vp in feare, he now releaſt:
And asking leaue, courag'd with her imbraces;
Againe it priſon'd in her tender breaſt;
Ah bleſſed priſon! priſners too much bleſt!
There with thoſe ſiſters long time doth he play;
And now full boldly enters loues high way; (ſtray.
While downe the pleaſant vale, his creeping hand doth

She

8

She not diſpleaſed with this his wanton play,
Hiding his bluſhing with a ſugred kiſſe;
With ſuch ſweete heat his rudeneſſe doth allay,
That now he perfect knowes what euer bliſſe,
Elder loue taught, and he before did miſſe:
That moult with ioy, in ſuch vntri'd ioyes trying,
He gladly dies; and death new life applying,
Gladly againe he dyes, that oft he may be dying.

9

Long thus he liu'd, ſluin bring in ſweete delight,
Free from ſad care, and fickle worlds annoy;
Bathing in liquid ioyes his melted ſprite;
And longer mought, but he (ah fooliſh Boy!)
Too proud, and to impatient of his ioy,
To woods, and heau'n, and earth his bliſſe imparted;
That *Ioue* vpon him downe his thunder darted,
Blaſting his ſplendent face, and all his beauty ſwarted.

Such

IO

Such be his chance, that to his loue doth wrong,
Vnworthy he to haue so worthy place,
That cannot hold his peace and blabbing tongue:
Light ioyes float on his lips, but rightly grace
Sinckes deepe, and th'hearts low center doth imbrace:
Might I enioy my loue till I vnfold it,
I'de lose all fauours when I blabbing told it:
He is not fit for loue, that is not fit to hold it.

FINIS.

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